The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

KILBURN

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For the Myrtle.

The Shower.

The morning sun rose fiery red
Upon the parched and shrinking earth;
Its burning course it onward sped,
And all things seemed to droop athirst.

And now the sultry noon is past;
No breeze comes bending grasses o'er;
But in the west clouds gather fast
And now we look for rain once more.

Ah, see it rise! a black, black cloud,
Its scalloped edges gleaming white;
And hear the thunder muttering loud,
And see the lightning flashing bright!

Now watch it, while its ponderous form
Spreads out and covers all the sky;
And coolness rom its folds shook out
In grateful zephyrs flitter by.

And mark the tender flowers now,
Uplifted seems each drooping head,
As if already they had caught
The blessing that it soon must shed.

The cloud! its edge has reached at last
The zenith; in the west we see,
Like rays of sunlight glancing down,
The raindrops falling hurriedly.

And now 'tis smooth above the roof,
Now splashing on the window pane
And making rivers in the road,
Comes on the welcome, welcome rain.

And crashing, rattling overhead,
And rumbling, muttering far away,
We hear the thunder following fast
Upon the vivid lightning's play.

The earth refreshed, its mission done,
The cloud in grandeur floats away;
The golden beams of setting sun
With beauty gild the closing day.

H. H. D.

God scatters love on every side,
Freely among his children all
And always hearts are open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

For the Myrtle.

Only a Week.

CHAPTER XXII.

In search of the China ship, the sailor led on, and on, and on. The way would have seemed very long, but that they were busy chatting as they walked, and this kept them forgetful how the time was passing.

At last they arrived at the whar where she lay. She was a fine-looking ship, and Alf thought that his time for good fortune had come at last.

"There she is," says the sailor, "staunch and trim as ever. "You can walk right aboard of her, and we shall soon see what your luck is to be."

"Can I go right on to her deck?"

"Yes you can. I don't know what will come of it; that all depends on what their humors are to-day. If the mate has had plenty to drink and nothing to cross him, you may get on fust rate. If he's got a cross streak on, you'll have to take your chances."

Alf walked up bravely to the ship, and mounted to her deck. No sooner had he done this, than the man on watch flew at him as if he had been a worm, and siezing him, without a word, he threw him down, and rolled him with his foot to the vessel's side and shoved him off the ladder by which he had mounted.

Over and over he rolled, until he struck the stone at the edge of the wharf with no light shock.

All this was done so quickly, that Alf had no

time to save himself, or even to think what was happening, until he lay bruised and bleeding on the wharf.

He was not seriously hurt, but thoroughly frightened, as of course any boy would have been with such unexpectedly rough treatment.

As soon as he could get on his feet, he looked around to see whether this savage man had followed him. For he could not know that other blows would not follow the ones he had already received. But no one was near him. He heard a low chuckle on the ship's deck, but could see no one, and a loud laugh from the sailor who had brought him to the ship as he ran away as fast as ever his feet would carry him.

These sounds hurt Alf worse than the blows that he had received. It seemed so unkind and cruel of these men to rejoice over his suffering and humiliation.

It was plain now that the sailor had brought Alf all this long way just for the fun of seeing him rolled heels over head from the ship s deck.

He knew, without any doubt, what kind of treatment they were wont to give any one who ventured upon their decks, and had felt it a pleasure to see the "green 'un," as he called him, sent headlong.

Alf walked slowly away, smarting with his bruises of body, but feeling yet more pain with the bruised spirit which this unkindness had given him.

Almost his first thought was of John. "I am so glad," he said to himself, "so very glad that John was not with me. How this would have hurt him. He is so much more sensitive to all such unkindness than I am. He would hardly have had courage for anything after such an experience."

This thought of John brought also the thought that he had already been gone from him a long time and that a long time must yet pass before he could reach him again. The day was done. Already the darkness was beginning to spread over everything. The lamplighters were running about with their little ladders, to wake the gas that was to watch the city throughout the night. People were hurrying through the streets, almost crushing one another in their haste to get to their homes, and little children grew fewer as they one by one gathered in to their places of rest.

Oh how lonely and desolate Alf felt. Every body going home but him, every living thing seeming to have a shelter and to be seeking it, while he was left a houseless wanderer.

He could not believe that they would permit him to stay in the hospital with John when he should reach there, for he knew that there were only beds for the sick in such places.

What then was he to do with himself for the night?

This question was continually presenting itself, but then there was another question that was disturbing him even more than that. "What was John thinking of his long absence and how would the anxiety that he must feel affect the poor sick boy?"

When he thought of this, he hurried his movements, running as fast and as far as he could, stopping only when he was so tired that he could not run any farther.

And so he kept on and on, until he began to think that it was time that he should be getting near to the hospital. But nothing looked familiar to him. He saw nothing in the street that looked as if he had ever seen it before.

He thought this was because of the change from day to night, and said to himself, "I could not expect that things would look in this gaslight as they looked in the daylight, and yet he thought there should be some familiar places. At length he thought it would be best for him to stop and ask the question and learn for certain his whereabouts.

He was almost afraid to speak to any one lest some new harm should come to him. How do I know, he thought, that whoever I ask will not betray me in some way and rob me, or treat me as cruelly as the last men that I had to do with did? Then he checked himself for this thought, and said,

"Ah, I am growing suspicious, am I? It is not many days since I was saying that I was going to believe every man good until he proved himself bad. Now I must hold to my text, and not get to thinking that everybody is bad and dangerous because I have found a few bad people. Yet it is well to be cautious who I ask. I must look well at the faces and pick out a very honest looking one, before I enter into conversation with the owner of it."

With this thought, he walked on. Everybody seemed in such a hurry. Several times he saw faces that looked kindly, and opened his lips to speak, but before the words could be uttered, the face would have vanished in the crowd.

At length he met a lame man, whose face was kind and told the story of patience taught by suffering. He was walking very slowly and Alf ventured to stop him.

"Will you be so kind sir, as to tell me whether I am near St. Luke's Hospital?"

"I don't know," the man replied. "I am a stranger in New York and have not learned about places much yet."

The stranger's voice was very pleasant, and Alf was glad that he had asked him the question though he got no information by doing so. It was something to have been spoken kindly to, something to feel that in that hurrying crowd one man had stopped, if only for a few seconds, to look in his face with a look that said, "I would help you if I could."

Alf ran on with lighter feet after this, for his heart was lighter, and that made everything seem easier to him.

A little way farther on, he thought he would venture to ask again. This time he tried an old woman who was carrying a heavy basket on her head.

She had stopped to rest just before Alf came to her and put her basket down upon a curb-stone. Alf stopped beside her and said,

"Will you please tell me whether I am near St. Luke's Hospital?"

"No, you are not near it. There is no such place near here."

"Why it seems very strange to me that I do not come to it, for I have walked a long way."

"Well, you'll not come to it near here."

"Do you know where it is?"

"No, I don't know where it is. But I live in this neighborhood and I know it isn't anywhere about here."

Alf thanked her for the information, and walked on. Now he walked slowly. He thought he would ask a policeman and see what he could learn from him. He was not long in finding one and put to him the same question,

"Will you please tell me if I am near St. Suke's Hospital?"

"No, you are a long way from it, and going farther all the time."

"What do you mean?" said Alt.

"That St. Luke's Hospital is in the opposite direction from that you are going, and a long way from here."

Alf quite understood now how his misfortune had come about. *Mrs. E. M. Bruce.*

The Bird's Question.

BEHIND us, at our evening meal,
The gray bird ate his fill,
Swung downward by a single claw,
And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his wings and crimson tail,
And set his head aslant,
And in his sharp, impatient way,
Asked, "What does Charley want?"

"Fie, silly bird!" I answered, "tuck
Your head beneath your wing,
And go to sleep;" but o'er and o'er
He asked the self-same thing.

Then, smiling, to myself I said,
How like are men and birds!
We all are saying what he says,
In action or in words.

The boy with whip, and top, and drum,
The girl with hoop and doll,
And men with lands and houses ask
The question of Poor Poll.

However full, with something more
We fain the bag would cram;
We sigh above our crowded nets
For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven
The vague desire can stay;
Self-love is still a Tartar mill,
For grinding prayers alway.

The dear God hears and pities all;
He knoweth all our wants;
And what we blindly ask of Him
His love withholds or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers
Might well be merged in one;
And nest, and perch, and heart, and church,
Repeat, "Thy will be done!"

John G. Whittier.

LITTLE Nellie L. had lost her father, and her mother was poor. Her sweet temper and winning ways gained her many friends. Among them was an excellent lady, Miss N. A glimpse of Nellie's bright face peeping in at the door always brought a smile of peculiar tenderness over Miss N.'s placid features.

She loved to sit by the child, softly stroking her hair, and while looking into her smiling eyes, would often say, "Poor, poor Nellie!"

When Nellie shook her head, with a heart too happy to forbode evil, her friend would caress her still more fondly, and then say, "Poor little Nellie!"

The child's heart seemed troubled by these pitying words, for she asked one day, "Why do you call me *poor?* Please don't, Miss N. I'm not poor—why, I've got twenty-five cents and a *good mother!*"

For the Myrtle.

What Children's Sunday Means.

"WHAT does Children's Sunday mean, Alice?" said little Ralph, after the children had all returned home from the "Rose Sunday" service.

"Oh, I'll tell you," said Mabel, Alice's cousin, as she ran to the centre table and took the great Bible full of pictures, as heavy as she could lift, and sat down on at ottoman beside Ralph, while Willie came near to look over, for he always wanted to see the pictures.

But Alice had a quicker way of telling. She pointed to the large picture on the wall and said,

"You know what that is, don't you, Ralph? You've seen it every day of your life."

"Why of course I do. It's the Saviour blessing little children."

"Well, don't you know the words they sung to-day were just the words he said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' The church does just what the Saviour did,—takes little children up and blesses them and cares for them. And that's what Children's Sunday means."

By this time, Mabel had found in the Bible the picture she was after, a shepherd carrying a lamb. Under it she read, "He shall feed his flock like a Shepherd, and shall carry the young lambs in his bosom." "And that's what Children's Sunday means." she said.

"Yes, but I like the New Testament meaning better than the Old," said Alice.

"Why?" asked Mabel.

"Because that only says we are lambs and God is the Shepherd. And lambs can never become like the Shepherd, you know. But this says we are *children* of our Father in heaven. And children can grow like their father if they try. So I think it's better to be called a child of God than a lamb of God, don't you?"

And they all thought so. *H. A. B.*

For the Myrtle.

The Sunday School.

I LOVE to go to Sunday School,
I love each teacher's face,
And every Sunday hot or cool
Shall find me in my place.

'Tis then I learn my duty to
My God and all mankind;
Those truths the MYRTLE brings to view
We in the Bible find.

Those scripture lessons every week
We very highly prize,
They teach us what we ought to seek
To make us pure and wise.

It says, "deal justly, mercy love
Walk humbly with thy Lord."
This is what is required of us
So says the Holy Word.

And as you love your own dear self,
So love your neighbor too;
This is our Saviour's golden rule
Tho' practised by but few.

Now children come to Sunday School,
Oh, do not answer no,
I truly pity all who don't,
And love all those that do.

HATTIE.

AN old Scotch clergyman always began his labors in each new charge he undertook, by preaching six sermons on "Who was Melchisedec." The sixth sermon was uniformly closed up with, "So we see, brethren, we don't know who Melchisedec was, and it makes no difference." Too many sermons have so little gospel in them, are so little adapted to the wants of the soul, it makes no difference whether they are true or not.

For the Myrtle.

Baby at Play.

See the baby at his play,
Happy as is long the day
Busy, busy as can be,
Little busybody he.
He can neither creep nor walk,
But he laughs, and he can talk
In his pretty, cooing way,
Oh, so sweetly all the day.

Watch him, sitting on the floor
Lift his playthings o'er and o'er;
Strive with all his little might
Just to reach some prize in sight.
Now he has his papa's hat—
Hear him crow and talk to that—
Drops it quickly just to see
Kitty, purring up to me.

In his precious fingers small
Now he holds his sister's doll;
Now beyond his reach it goes,
But the little fellow knows
Sister's here with some new toy
Just to please the little boy.

Look here, baby! What are these?
What a lot of jingling keys!
Now his fingers round them close,
O my baby! down he goes!
Up again and laugh and shout,
How you spring and frisk about;
You are happy with a noise
Just like older little boys. *H. H. D.*

The New Flower Garden.

EAR children, the bright, glad summer is again with us; the gay happy birds are now singing their merry songs of joy in the woods and trees around your pleasant homes. The bright green leaves bring so much pleasure to us in their freshness and beauty, while all the air is filled with the sweet perfume of flowers.

I suppose that many of you little girls—and it may be little boys, too,—love to make pretty flower gardens. It is very pleasant to have such sweet little plots to call your own, and for hours each day you work all so busily, sowing the seed, transplanting, weeding and watering, to make your little gardens look neatly and nicely; and how are you repaid? By seeing the tiny seeds sprout up through the brown earth, and finally bud and blossom. I have no doubt many of you, my little readers, have often been made glad and joyous to see your labors thus rewarded, as day after day you watched the unfolding of bud and leaf and flower. But you have found that all these flowers soon fade, wither and die! The chill winds of autumn make the beautiful plot which you have so nourished and tended, desolate and barren; and the cold white snow ere long entirely covers it with its broad mantle. Now would you like to have flowers that will never fade—flowers that can never die—that will never lose their beauty? Then I will tell you how to secure them.

In the first place you must have a *new garden;* for the seeds you are to sow are very precious, and the place where you are to make your garden must be in your own heart. Here you must sow the bright and beautiful seeds of Virtue, Love, Charity and Peace. You must sow these precious seeds with an earnest, faithful hand, and you will soon find them growing in beauty, blossoming and bearing fruit. You may find many old roots that have grown within your heart, and they may try to crowd out and crush the new, sweet seeds which you are trying to plant in their stead; but be earnest and faithful at your work, and pull them up with a strong hand. These old roots are our sins, dear children, and you must not let them spring up and ripen into fruit that shall bear seed to fall back again into the heart to bear more fruit; but dig around them, pull down every stronghold to which they might cling, and your efforts will be crowned with success.

Perhaps some little ones may feel that it is too great a work to do alone, that they need a helper in weeding their garden of the heart; I can tell you of One who is able and willing to help you, and in such a manner too, that there will not be a sin-root remaining. Your helper is God.

Then if you would see your new seeds growing and blossoming, you must ask Him to assist you to take away the weeds and roots that are trying to crowd out the new living seeds, those that are to live forever, and He will gladly help you. By and by—it may even be soon—He will call you to live in the beautiful country which is now his home, and there you will carry all your new, sweet flowers and transplant them into the garden of our God, where they will live in unfading beauty forever.

Then with such a prospect in store for you, will you not gladly, earnestly try to make beautiful your Garden of the Heart?

H. S. B.

A LITTLE boy once heard a clergyman preach from the text, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." After reading the text, he stopped a minute, and asked his hearers to consider what it was they should like most, and then to ask for it in Jesus' name, trusting to his promise that it would be given to them. At the end of the service, the little boy asked his aunt if she had asked for anything. Then she inquired of him what he had asked God to give him; and he said:

"I thought first of one thing I should like, and then another; but I did not know which would be best, and so I said, 'Father, thy will be done.'"

Our Sunday Schools.

The Children's Sunday items have almost no end, and we can only make mere mention. We learn from the *Star* that in

OHIO

—The day was celebrated very happily at Hamilton, June 9th. We do not learn that any little ones were dedicated, but the pastor, Rev. J. W. Henley, preached a very interesting sermon to the children from the text, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; but fools despise instruction and knowledge." The opening service and singing were by the Sunday School. In the evening, the church was crowded to overflowing with listeners to the pleasing exercises of the Floral Concert.

—At Springboro, June 16th was celebrated. The church was lavishly decorated, scarcely a member of the school failing to bring floral offerings. The school held its regular session at 9 1-2 A. M. and the sermon of the pastor to the children took place at 11 o'clock, the school joining in the exercises. This is reported as "one of the best regulated and most prosperous Sunday Schools in our denomination," a record we are glad to know it deserves. One of the pleasing features is the regular attendance of a large number of persons of advanced years, making the school doubly valuable, even to the children.

—At Goshen, a Floral Concert was given on the evening of June 16th, which gave great pleasure to all present, and among other good results secured a handsome collection for the school.

IOWA.

—Two letters from this great State of the far West lie before us. The first is from Steamboat Rock, (that sounds as if it were on the Mississippi) and says: "We have organized a Union Sunday School of different denominations and thought it best to have a variety of papers." So it orders our pretty picture cards, and several copies of the MYRTLE for the summer, adding, "It is a country school, and may discontinue through the winter." We hope, however, they will grow strong enough by that time to live through the winter in full vigor and come out still stronger in the spring. The MYRTLE ought to be good food for that purpose.

—The other is from a town with the pretty Indian name of Algona, and written in the pretty hand of a lady. This also tells the cheering tidings of a new school. She says: "In this far-away place we are trying to have a Sunday School, and if you have a catalogue of Sunday School books, would you please send it? We want to get a few books if we can, a very few to begin with. Could we not buy by the dozen as we are not able to buy by the hundred? Our members are few, and—aside from the Bible class—mostly scholars from eight to fourteen years old."

That is an excellent chance for the gift of a few books, by way of encouragement to a new school. How we *do* want funds in our Centenary Association! Meanwhile, if any school has books to spare they would do well to send them to Mrs. H. F. Watson, Algona, Iowa.

GEORGIA.

—We are cheered by a letter from Rev. J. A. Rhyne, who is laboring faithfully in this southern State. He says of the little school now existing in Walesca, Ga.,—"Our school is still doing well, notwithstanding the opposition of those who differ from us in religious opinion. We have kept it up both summer and winter for some time. I gather from the MYRTLE that some schools are receiving books from the libraries of others. We would be rejoiced to receive some in the same way, as they would be new to us, and we are not able to purchase any."

Bro. Rhyne only learns from the MYRTLE that we make appeals for such schools We wish we could be sure that they are always answered. Sisters—and brothers—Sunday School teachers, how many members of the Woman's Centenary Association have you in your society? That is the way to answer this Macedonia cry. Send by all means what books you can to these individual schools,—we especially feel the claims of this one in the far South,—but the need is general and will not be wholly met by individual effort.

NEW YORK.

—Children's Sunday was observed in Troy. The altar and other parts of the church were finely decorated with flowers. The services were conducted by the superintendent and the school. Three children were baptized by Rev. Benton Smith, who was supplying the pulpit.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

—The State Sunday School Convention met at Portsmouth, June 11th. The first business, after the opening exercises, was reports from all the schools of the State which were shown to be in a prosperous condition. Then a conference meeting was formed, and the topic, "What constitutes success in Sunday Schools?" was discussed with great spirit. The same topic was pursued in the evening. Most of the ministers and many prominent laymen were among the delegates, or otherwise present, and took part in the discussion. The Convention was one of the most enthusiastic and successful ever held in the State. Officers for the ensuing year:—President; C. M. Langley of Nashua; Vice President, T. E. O. Marvin of Portsmouth; Secretary and Treasurer, C. O. Ballou of Weare.

—*Dear Myrtle:*—Our Sunday School at Weare gave its sixth Anniversary Concert Sunday evening, June 9th. Anniversaries, whatever may be the occasion which they are designed to mark, are fruitful of suggestion to the thoughtful. They always call up painful as well as pleasant memories. Each year as it passes bears with it many changes, the memory of which saddens the heart. Each year loved forms pass out from some of our homes, loved voices are hushed in the stillness of the grave.

Our average attendance during the year just ended was eighty and one-eighth. Eight scholars have been present every Sabbath during the year, two scholars have missed but one Sabbath, five scholars have missed but two Sabbaths. Each of these fifteen scholars received from the superintendent in behalf of the school a nice book as an encouragement for their faithfulness. Three teachers have been present every Sabbath during the year. one teacher absent but one Sabbath, two absent but two, three absent but three. One teacher has been present every Sabbath since the school was organized. Our Superinteudent has missed but five Sabbaths during the six years. The organist, Miss Floretta Foster, was presented by the Superintendent, in behalf of friends, with $37.25 as a manifestation of their appreciation of her efforts to make the singing cheerful and inspiring.

Probably none of us can realize the magnitude of the Sunday School work. There are thousands of honored men and saintly women who owe all that is best and happiest in their lives to its influence. But although it is no longer an experiment, though its success has been established beyond a doubt, still the system is not perfect; there is yet much work to be done.

"While the day lasts" let us all continue to work earnestly, enthusiastically even, in the cause of morality, virtue and Christianity, putting our trust in God, who alone can crown our labors with success.

L. F.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XCV.

CHRIST IN JERUSALEM.

"I am come to seek and to save that which was lost."

SCRIPTURE,—Math. xxii. 1–22; Mark xii. 13–17; Luke xx. 20–26.

NOTE, As the time of his death approached, the thoughts and teachings of the Saviour turned to the Gentiles as the portion of mankind that would receive him and his doctrines when the Jews had violently rejected them.

Question. — To show the calling of the Gentiles into the kingdom, what parable did Jesus speak?

Answer. — Math. xxii. 2.

Q. — Whom did the King send to call his special friends to the feast?

A. — Math. xxii. 3, 4.

NOTE. The servants here spoken of were the prophets and wise men who were sent to the Jews.

Q. — How were the servants treated by those whom they were sent to invite?

A. — Math. xxii. 6.

Q. — What did the King do to the murderers?

A. — Math. xxii. 7.

Q. — Having done this, what did he order his servants to do?

A. — Math. xxii. 9, 10

Q. — What resulted from this general invitation?

A. — Math. xxii. 10.

NOTE. The Jews declining and violently opposing the kingdom of the Son of God, it is given to a people who will receive it.

Q. — When the King came into the guest chamber, what did he discover?

A. — Math. xxii. 11.

NOTE. Garments were supplied to all guests; and if any one declined to put on the garment offered him, it was considered an affront to the host.

Q. — Could he give any excuse for not having the wedding garment on?

A. — Math. xxii. 12.

Q. — What did the King order done with this guest?

A. — Math. xxii. 13.

NOTE. Marriage festivals were held in the evening in brilliantly lighted rooms. And one forced out into the darkness for misconduct might gnash his teeth with rage. This portion of the parable taught that although the Gentiles should be called into the kingdom, they could come only by conformity to the law of Christ.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 15. 4. 17, 7. 4. 12, 8, 13. was a woman of the New Testament who had a disagreement with another woman.

My 13, 10, 11, 4. 12, 8. 10, 15, was a young man who met his death by a singular accident.

My 1, 9, 7, 6, 1, 8, 3, 2, was a man of the Pentateuch.

My 14, 15, 17, 3, 1, 1, 13, 2, was a distinguished man who aided several nations in opposing the Jews at a critical period of Jewish history.

My 18, 16, 14. 8, was a place mentioned in the Old Testament before which lay a hill.

My 5, 8, 16, 15, 1, 13, 2, is a word occurring only twice in the Scriptures.

The whole is a verse in one of the Epistles.

Answer.

JULY 6.

Should you feel inclined to censure
Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own life, e'er you venture,
If that has not failings too.

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